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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MEMORIAL

OF

JESSE LEE AND THE OLD ELM.

EIGHTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF

JESSE LEE'S SERMON

UNDER THE OLD ELM, BOSTON COMMON,

HELD

SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 11, 1875.

WITH A

Historical Sketch of the Great Tree.

8044.8.2

BOSTON:
JAMES P. MAGEE, 38 BROMFIELD STREET.
(NEW ENGLAND DEPOSITORY.)
1875.

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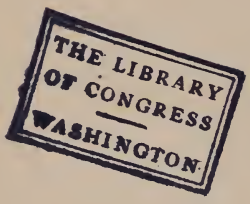

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John Bent & Co., Printers, 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PICTURES.

While we have been unfortunate in the efforts we have made to secure a copy of the picture of Jesse Lee, — the only one of which any positive information could be obtained being a profile, which disappeared from the family in Virginia fifty years ago, — we could not have been more fortunate than we have been in finding appropriate plates of other pictures to accompany the Memorial.

THE HELIOTYPE.

The old engraving of the Common which has been so accurately reproduced from a copper-plate now in the possession of the Boston Public Library, and which has not been republished in any form of which we have knowledge, represents the prospect as it was seen in the summer that Lee first preached in Boston. The picture was taken less than two months after his first sermon was preached, and possibly sketched the very same July. The rising ground from which the view is given is a short distance west of where the State House now stands, and was then but a few rods from the old Hancock estate, one of the outer buildings of which, very probably, is partially seen in the left of the picture. The hill commands a beautiful view across the Common and the southeastern part of Boston, to "the memorable heights of Dorchester, whose formidable appearance in 1776 discomposed the military nerves of Britain, and eventually necessitated a retreat from the capital of Massachusetts."

The Old Elm stands alone in the field now so providently a great

forest in the heart of the city, but which was described in a magazine published the year before the print of the picture as "a large, level green, called 'the Common,' containing nearly forty-five acres, where upwards of one hundred cows daily feed. It is handsomely railed in," continues the same paper, "except on the west, where it is washed by the Charles River. The wall bordering the Common on the east is ornamented with a treble range of trees, many of which afford a delightful shade. Hither the ladies and gentlemen resort in summer, and inhale those refreshing breezes which are wafted over the water. Upon days of election and public festivity, the ground apparently teems with multitudes of every description and rank, who occupy themselves in various amusements."

It is difficult for one of the present generation, though of the most credulous mind, to have faith in the truths of the picture, excepting possibly the traditional cow. So great have been the changes, that what is pictured here as rugged rock and barren hills is all a city now; while the Public Garden and the brick, stone, and marble blocks of the Back Bay, have crowded the river into the sea.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

No more important historical picture of the Methodist denomination in New England could have been reproduced than the photograph we have bound in this Memorial. Among photographers the picture has been regarded as the most fortunate result of the best possible skill ever obtained in so large a combination of miscellaneous portraits. Of the hundreds of faces taken in the picture, scarcely a single one can not be recognized by any person familiar with the face; and reduced as the picture has been, to the size of the page in this book, it yet represents more than one hundred faces that can be readily seen by the naked eye, and with a simple glass every face can be as easily distinguished as in the original picture.

The plate represents the New England Centenary Convention, held in Boston in 1866, which included most of the prominent Methodist ministers and laymen in the New England States. During an intermission of the regular proceedings of the Convention, its mem-

bers, by invitation of an artist in the city, were grouped around the Old Elm and their picture taken, which is here reprinted. It has never before been published in book form, and as many of the persons whose pictures are here presented are now deceased, it is appropriate that it should be preserved in some memorial way. It is probable that the Convention was the only Methodist body that has ever met under the tree since the preaching of LEE, and previous to this Anniversary.

It is imposible to print a key to even the original picture; but the following named persons can be found with little or no difficulty in the photograph we have published: —

Ex-Gov. Claflin, Pres't of Convention,
Father Taylor,
Father Merrill,
Father Jennison,
Father Kelley,
Father Sargent,
The Rev. E. O. Haven, D.D.,
" Joseph Cummings, D.D.,
" N. E. Cobleigh, D.D.,
" David Patten, D.D.,
" L. D. Barrows, D.D.,
" James Porter, D.D.,
" Jefferson Hascall, D.D.,
" James Pike, D.D.,
" David Sherman, D.D.,
" William Butler, D.D.,
" J. H. Twombly, D.D.,
" Chas. W. Cushing,
" C. H. Hanaford,
" A. Herrick,
" L. R. S. Brewster,
" Justin Barrows,
" J. E. C. Sawyer,
" E. A. Titus,
" E. W. Virgin,
" Joshua Gill,
" A. J. Church,
" Mosely Dwight,
" W. C. High,
Hon. Lee Claflin,
Hon. George M. Buttrick,
B. B. Russell, Esq.,
John G. Cary, Esq.,
Fred. A. Clapp, Esq.,
Bishop M. Simpson, D.D.,
The Rev. H. W. Warren, D.D.,
" George Webber, D.D.,
" S. W. Coggeshall, D.D.,
" D. Dorchester, D.D.,
" J. O. Peck, D.D.,
" M. J. Talbot, D.D.,
" William McDonald,
" M. M. Parkhurst,
" J. A. Lansing,
" C. L. McCurdy,
" Pliny Wood,
" E. A. Manning,
" Loranus Crowell,
" Lewis B. Bates,
" C. W. Millen,
" T. J. Abbott,
" Theo. L. Flood,
" Gershom F. Cox,
" D. B. Randall,
" Israel Luce,
" Charles Young,
" James Mather,
" W. W. Colburn,
" F. K. Stratton,
" W. P. Ray,
" F. G. Morris,
" W. F. Morrison,
" J. W. F. Barnes,
Hon. Liverus Hull,
Franklin Rand, Esq.,
William Noble, Esq.,
A. D. Wait, Esq.,
David Snow, Esq.

"And some said, What will this babbler say? other some, He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods: because he preached unto them Jesus, and the resurrection." — Acts xvii. 18.

"Howbeit certain men clave unto him, and believed." — Acts xvii. 34.

"And he continued there a year and six months, teaching the word of God among them." — Acts xviii. 11.

Order of Worship.

HYMN . . . "*All hail the power of Jesus' name.*"

SUNG BY CONGREGATION.

PRAYER.

THE REV. L. R. THAYER, D.D., EAST BOSTON.

HYMN . . . . . "*Rock of Ages.*"

SUNG BY CONGREGATION.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

THE REV. J. W. HAMILTON, BOSTON.

HYMN . . . . "*There were Ninety and Nine.*"

SUNG BY C. J. LITTLEFIELD.

ADDRESS . . . "*Early Out-Door Preaching.*"

THE REV. A. B. KENDIG, CHARLESTOWN.

HYMN . . . . "*Blow ye the Trumpet, blow!*"

SUNG BY CONGREGATION.

ADDRESS . . "*Adaptation of Methodism to the Common People.*"

THE REV. L. B. BATES, SOUTH BOSTON.

HYMN . . . "*Come sinners to the Gospel feast.*"

SUNG BY CONGREGATION.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

THE REV. W. F. WARREN, LL.D., PRES. BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

Thou art gone to the grave! but thy work shall not perish,
That work which the Spirit of Wisdom hath blest;
His strength shall sustain it, His comforts shall cherish,
And make it to prosper, though thou art at rest.

— *Bishop Heber.*

Faithful Cross! above all other,
One and only noble tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peers may be;
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight is hung on thee.

— *Venantius Fortunatus.*

Memorial Address.

THE REV. J. W. HAMILTON.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Memorial Address.

WE seldom recall the preaching of a sermon by observing its anniversary in a formal and public way. But we are called together to-night by the recollection of a simple service, more memorable for the train of events it has induced than for the character of the sermon which the minister preached. Scarcely a line of the preacher's words can be found, and no record of his text has been kept; and, if it were not for the four-score and five years of the Church, whose line has gone out from the trunk of this tree to the topmost reach of New England hills, and the farthest stretch of our coast on the sea, the name of the man who stood where I stand would be like the leaves which sheltered his head, when the wailing winds came after him and brushed them away. But the day that Jesse Lee first preached under this Old Elm, on Boston Common, a Methodist child was born, and "of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end."

Boston had borne Methodist children before, but they were dead and buried, with not even a mark at the grave.

On the 24th of September, A. D. 1736, a storm at sea blew an English vessel into Boston Bay, and Charles Wesley, who was a passenger on board, bound from Charleston to London, landed at this port, and at some

time during the month preached in King's Chapel the first Methodist sermon ever heard in New England. But the Wesleyan Society had not then been formed, and he was simply recognized as an English Episcopal divine. And, though he remained a number of weeks in the town, he was sick much of the time, and his sermons and services were confined to the Episcopal Church.

September 18th, 1740, George Whitefield came to Boston, from Newport, Rhode Island, where he had landed from a Southern sloop the previous Sunday evening. His reputation had long preceded him, and great expectations were awakened among the people. He was met on the road four miles from Boston, by the Governor's son, and a delegation of other gentlemen, composed of ministers and laymen, who received him "with great gladness," and tendered him the hospitality of the town. But learning that he would be refused the use of the pulpits in the very same churches to which the Methodist poet had been invited, he began his ministry in the Congregational churches. They soon proved too small, however, for the great crowds that rushed to hear him; and, on Saturday, the 20th of September, he came to the Common, and under the hospitable shade of this old tree, declared, in the open field, the unsearchable riches of Christ, before a congregation of eight thousand people who had followed him. But the numberless multitudes who eagerly listened to that son of thunder were a shepherdless sheep, and when he was parted from them were scattered like chaff before the winds.

Thirty-two years later, Richard Boardman, one of the Wesleyan appointed missionaries, wandered into Bos-

ton from his ministry on the Southern sea-board, and somewhere along the lanes and streets of the town, gathered a company of humble worshippers who were willing to be called Methodists. But when the Missionary was gone, the mission expired, and who these Methodists were, and where they were, no one now can tell.

In Northern British America Methodism is older than in the United States; and, in 1784, when the demand for workmen there was more than the Wesleyan supply, William Black came South to the Christmas Conference in search of another Methodist minister for Nova Scotia. He came and went by the way of Boston. Himself a Methodist preacher, he stopped in Boston to preach. Somewhere at the North End, when he first came into the town, he preached twice before leaving for Baltimore. And when he returned, having induced the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson to go to the work in the Provinces, he remained six months, preaching and holding Methodist meetings. But the churches, with here and there a single exception, were closed against his preaching, and his ministry was limited to private families and the public school-houses. His labors, nevertheless, were encouraging and successful, and a small society was organized in the older part of the town. Being compelled to return to the work for which he only came as an ambassador, he was permitted to address his farewell words to the people from the pulpit of the Rev. Dr. Elliot, in the New North Church. So great was the desire of the people to hear the man of God, that more than two thousand persons crowded into the house and about the doors and windows on the outside. With no little anxiety for the future welfare

of his people, the pastor committed his new charge, in a carefully and earnestly written letter, to Bishop Asbury. The letter, however, was never received, and the little band of believers again separated among the other denominations of the town, and the preacher and his parish were soon forgotten.

Mr. Garrettson, returning from Nova Scotia in A.D. 1787, arrived in Boston on the 13th or 14th of April, where he remained until the 17th, but not being admitted to any of the pulpits in the town, he only preached a few sermons in some private houses, and then passed on to Providence. The very week before the arrival of Lee in Boston, Mr. Garrettson visited the town again, and though finding little encouragement to continue his ministry in the place, he "went from end to end of the town and visited several who were friendly." In the afternoon of the fourth of July, he preached in a meeting house which had formerly belonged to the Rev. Dr. Mather, and the following evening in the same place. And before leaving for Providence, he engaged the use of the meeting-house, and a place for a preacher to board. But Boston was not to be so easily won, for the engagements were gone when Garrettson was gone.

Nothing but the severest heroism has ever characterized this world's successful efforts for religious reform.

> "The unconquerable will,
> And courage never to submit or yield,"

have possessed the man of God no less than Milton's arch enemy. Methodism never could have been possible except for a muscular divinity — man moved of God.

The Methodist movement came at a time when Christianity had happened upon a period of her adversity — not an adversity that came from without, in the form of a fierce and open persecution, but an adversity from within that overshadowed her moral life and moral powers with a character inconsistent with her profession. A religious irreligiousness is more threatening and dangerous than downright wickedness. Byron somewhere says: —

> "There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
> As rum and true religion;"

but where faith's discernment falls so low that the comfort of the one is quite as satisfactory as the comfort of the other, no other condition of misfortune can render the attainment of *true religion* more impossible. But both the Old and the New World reeled in some such irreligious revelry in the middle of the last century. The Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, a minister himself of the established church, and who died in 1778, said in a sermon preached some time before his death, "I believe no denomination of professing Christians, the Church of Rome excepted, was so generally void of the light and life of godliness, so generally destitute of the doctrine and of the grace of the gospel, as was the Church of England, considered as a body, about fifty years ago. At that period a *converted* minister in the Establishment was as great a wonder as a comet." And Bishop Butler, of the same church, within six months of Whitefield's ordination, said: "It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry; but that it is now at

length discovered to be fictitious; and accordingly they treat it as if in the present age this were an agreed point among all people of discernment; and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." The clergy "were useful for getting up tables of population, and for enforcing royal edicts, such as for the extirpation of locusts," and for preaching sermons on "Nature, Morality, Agriculture and the Cow-Pox." "Tendencies are shown by extreme cases."

And New England, more than any other part of the American Colonies, resembled the Old World in its loss of religious life and religious power. Controversy had carried away piety, and many were in the ministry and membership of the churches who had lulled themselves to sleep with worldly delusions. "As persons in the frozen regions are said to sleep longer and more soundly than others, so did they, and a more terrific blast of the trumpet of the gospel was required to rouse and awaken them from their spiritual slumbers."

Methodism was a religious necessity. It came not as a system of doctrines, but as an inspiration of soul. It taught nothing as its creed but the power of godliness. The Wesleys themselves declared their Society only "a company of men having the form and seeking the power of godliness." The Methodist preachers only differed from other preachers in their demonstration of the spirit and power of God. God "thrust them out to raise a holy people." They were not destitute of the essential doctrines of the Scriptures. By no means; but their peculiar distinguishments were rather the spirit and life they gave to the doctrines already preach-

ed and believed, than the doctrines themselves. No denomination ever embraced within its pale more diversity of mind than the Methodist Church. It has had within its communion, Calvinists and Arminians, Baptists and Restorationists, some who have believed in the Sonship of Christ as only beginning at his birth, and some who have believed his Sonship eternal. There have been some who have believed in regeneration by baptism, and some who have believed all children regenerate when born. And some, indeed, of these differential men, whose minds could not be squared by the established articles of the Methodist faith, have gone into the Episcopal office,

> "Not always right in all men's eyes,
> But faithful to the light within."

Methodism, in fine, has not endeavored to sustain its spiritual life by its orthodoxy, but "has sustained its orthodoxy by devoting its chief care to its spiritual life." The great differences of opinion inhere in men's minds, and all men could not or would not believe all things alike, if God had explained everything.

But Methodist preachers were great disturbers of the peace. It was, however, because men were not at peace with God but with the world. They, therefore, only expected to elicit persecution where they failed of conversion. And they seldom came short of expectation. The disciple was not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord. They were not infrequently heaped with abuse and counted worthy only of contempt. No terms were too discourteous or severe for their denunciation. Few men have attained more no-

toriety in the English Church than the clergyman who wrote the following attack upon the Methodists in the early part of this century, in as reputable a periodical as the Edinburgh Review: "We are quite determined, if we can prevent such an evil, that sober and rational Christianity shall not be eaten up by the nasty and numerous vermin of Methodism." And when a pious Methodist preacher ventured to reply by disclaiming any such want of courtesy and Christian criticism as that with which his church was attacked, the same writer retorted through the same Review, that the Methodists "should remember that it is not the practice with destroyers of vermin to allow the little victims a *veto* upon the weapons used against them. If this were otherwise, we should have one set of vermin banishing small-tooth combs, another protesting against mouse-traps, a third prohibiting the finger and thumb, a fourth exclaiming against the intolerable infamy of using soap and water. It is impossible, however, to listen to such pleas. They must all be caught, killed and cracked, in the manner, and by the instruments which are found the most efficacious to their destruction, and the more they cry out, the greater, plainly, is the skill used against them. We are convinced a little laughter will do them more harm than all the arguments in the world." And though the poor old man's follies did not cease with his younger years, — for thirty years afterwards he gave his name to the article he had anonymously published in the Review, and then printed it in a book, — yet he lived long enough to learn that what he deplored he could not prevent, and to admit that Methodists had more in their heads than Episcopal clergymen had caught with their combs, and enough in their

hearts to love even him. If he had lived thirty years longer he might have seen a Dean of his own Church of scarcely less repute, and certainly more note, rummaging through the relics and records of City Road and Epworth, hunting up the Methodist story, and then heard him lecture upon the Life of Wesley at Oxford, and have heard the Methodist taking rank from a Churchman's lips above even the higher ranks in the Churchman's line.

And the New England, like the Old, never honored clergymen more with degrees than when the Methodists preached in the streets of her cities and the wide open fields. It is true she only conferred the *little* d—d, but it came as a pledge of nonconformity to the world, and with so much more of meaning and sincere zest than the *capitals* come from the colleges now, that it stands with their names as a historic witness of their fidelity. Whitefield was called in New England "a vagrant," "enthusiast with ill-pointed zeal," "a thief and a robber," and every "exhortation" he delivered in Boston, one Doctor Douglas has said, was a damage to the town of a thousand pounds. Harvard University published pamphlets against him, and Yale College scattered her invectives all over the land. What was said of Whitefield was abundantly said of all other Methodist men; and the opposition and persecution was not urged against the Oxford Methodists alone, but against even Edwards, and other revivalists, in the great New England awakening, which was only a wonderful result of Methodism Congregationalized.

But the opposition and persecution only awakened among these pious preachers the more interest in the people whom they sought to win from their ignorant

bliss and to save. Despite the difficulties and self-denials of their ministry, it was a pride with them to dare the untried work, or seek for hazardous toil. It was a pious ambition among the most earnest men to "break the first bush and cultivate new fields; for it was customary with the early Methodist preachers in their travels through the country, to *break a bush* at a fork of the road, or where they left it, to indicate their course to those who came after them. The side of the road on which the broken bush was found, pointed out the path to be followed." And in more of the States and Territories than one, it is because the Methodist preachers left broken bushes along their paths into the unbroken forests, that

> "Behind the squaws light birch canoe
> The steamer rocks and raves,
> And city lots are staked for sale,
> Above old Indian graves."

No more original "pathfinder of empire" crossed the Rocky Mountains than the Rev. Jason Lee.

The obstacles in the way of success and the often repeated failures in Boston were only preparing the way and the men for the ministry in New England towns and villages. While disappointment and discouragement came to the Conferences as frequent report of the work in Boston, the great heart of Jesse Lee, then only a young man in the ministry, swelled with an ambition to leave his home in Virginia, and *come to stay* in the unpropitious fields of New England. He believed in God and never despaired of Boston. As early as A.D. 1784, when visiting South Carolina, he met a young man from Massachusetts who so impressed his mind with the need of New England, that he determined to

press the Bishop for permission to go at once and preach to the people whom he believed would hear him. But it was not until the Spring of A.D. 1790 that he was permitted to start for Boston. He had, however, extensively travelled and preached in Southern and Western New England the previous Summer and Autumn.

On the 9th of July he arrived in this city, and at once "sought a place where he might publish the word of salvation; but every effort was fruitless." For two days he persistently pressed his petitions upon an indifferent people, meeting here and there a threatening opposition. Finally, turning from the churches and houses, he determined, like Whitefield before him, to go into God's first temples and preach under the trees. "Accordingly, on Saturday he gave notice of his intention to preach on the Common on the afternoon of the ensuing Sabbath." Three or four friends were found who were ready to go with him, one or two of whom carried a table for his platform or pulpit. Joseph Snelling, one of the table-bearers, afterwards became a member of the first Methodist society organized in Boston, and he was also the first from the society to enter the Methodist ministry. He lived for many years a useful and effective preacher, and though he labored for a time in the Methodist Protestant Church, yet before his death he came back, as he said, to die among his brethren. He often delighted in recalling this early association with Lee, and the fact of his witnessing the entrance of Washington into Boston, at the end of the siege, when the British had fled. Thomas Restieaux is reported to have been the other young man who assisted in carrying the table to the Common, and notwithstanding we have found it difficult to determine how truthful-

ly, yet he will long be remembered as a faithful and zealous Christian man, venerable for his piety and long-continued membership in the old church at the North End. But foremost in anxiety for the success of the service was the preacher himself.

> "Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed,
> A fairer spirit or more welcome shade."

At the time appointed there were few persons present; but taking his stand on the table, Lee began to sing a Methodist hymn, a never-failing experiment in calling the people near. Then, kneeling before his congregation, he offered a simple but fervent prayer. "When he entered upon the subject matter of his text," said one who was present and heard him preach, "it was with such an easy, natural flow of expression, and in such a tone of voice, that I could not refrain from weeping, and many others were affected in the same way. When he was done, and we had an opportunity of expressing our views to each other, it was agreed that such a man had not visited New England since the days of Whitefield. I heard him again, and thought I could follow him to the ends of the earth." It was estimated that between two and three thousand gave quiet and solemn attention to his warning voice.

The only record of what the preacher said I happened to find in an anecdote printed in a Boston paper the week after the sermon was preached. It read as follows: —

"On Sunday evening last, as a Huntingtonian Methodist preacher was holding forth to a large concourse of people, assembled by the novelty of the circumstance, on the Common, he took occasion to observe that he who professed repentance without faith was like a

man rowing a boat in troubled waters with one oar. 'This man,' said he, 'must go over first on one side and then on the other, but will never get ahead.' On which a sailor, one of the audience, said pretty audibly, with an oath, 'Why, then, don't he scull?'"

No intimation was given that the preacher replied; but no man would have been more likely to reply than he, for his ready wit was known in all the churches, and it was reported in after years, when a single vote defeated his election to the episcopacy, that he was "too full of wit and humor for the bishopric;" but to this he responded, when it came to his ears, that it would be *unnatural* to assume the gravity of the office previous to receiving it. "Put me in, and I will sustain its dignity." The good man lived too soon for his possible episcopal honors: they have elected both witty and wise men many times since, and the wittiest men have been the wisest bishops.

Few men possessed more power over an audience than Lee. One who knew him intimately has said: "It was a kind of fixed principle with him never to let a congregation go from his preaching entirely unaffected. He would excite them in some way. He would make them weep if he could, bringing his fine voice, warm affections, and glowing eloquence to bear upon this result with strong and earnest intensity. If he failed in this, he would essay to alarm them with deep and solemn warning of words and manner; and, if all failed, he would shake their sides with some pertinent illustration or anecdote, and then, having moved them, seek by all the appliances of truth, earnestness, and affection, to guide their stirred-up thoughts and sympathies to the fountain of living waters."

As long as he was refused admission to the churches

in Boston, he continued his ministry to the crowds on the Common, and though Lynn was the first to open her doors, and extend him a welcome, yet, with all the persistency of the woman in her prayer to the unjust judge, and with all confidence in the certain ultimate success of his preaching, he remained in Boston until God opened one of the alleys in the town, and the people permitted him and assisted him to build a house of worship there. Much of the money for the building, however, he begged in Southern cities, and carried to the builders with his own hands. Having planted the church in Boston, he now yielded its training to other preachers always ready to follow him, while he passed on to newer fields and other trials.

The long line of continued Methodist history in this city began, therefore, under this great tree, and to Jesse Lee must be ascribed the origin of Methodism in New England.

Speaking of his rare career, the historian of Methodism says: "He is the great man who achieves great results by great endeavors. History will accord to Lee no ordinary share of such fame. He possessed no pre-eminent intellectual faculty. His literary attainments were not above mediocrity. His opinions on great ecclesiastical measures would not, we think, entitle him to the claim of superior legislative sagacity. But, with a good practical judgment for ordinary affairs, considerable general intelligence, a remarkably simple and Saxon style, strong sensibilities, which were easily kindled in discourse, and a rare native faculty of wit, he combined an executive energy which has few parallels in our history, except Wesley, Asbury, and it may be, Garrettson. His energy was not impulsive; it was

singularly cool and continuous. Its calmness was its most intrinsic and valuable trait. His great travels, his incessant preaching, the imperturbable persistence with which he brooked opposition and all obstacles, continually and tranquilly repeating his endeavors against them until they disappeared, — these characteristics distinguishing a minister of thirty-three years, mark him as no ordinary man. The great results that have followed his labors will always entitle him to the reputation of greatness."

When this first sermon was preached here, Wesley was yet alive, and Methodism possessed little or none of its worldly power of to-day. Boston had less than twenty thousand inhabitants, and the old monument, instead of the State House, stood in front of the preacher on Beacon Hill. There were only seventeen or eighteen churches in the town, and the travel to New York was by two stages and twelve horses. And though Boston has gathered twenty-five Methodist churches and five thousand members, and New England hundreds of churches and a hundred thousand members since then, these memories of early Methodist faith and love and zeal, compel us often times to cry,

> "O for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!"

This is not a denominational day, for our preachers never began to preach for a church, but a pious people in every church. And the marks of the Methodist ministry are found in every church of evangelical Christendom, and at the sound of Methodist music you can marshal an army from every church under the sun.

And this is not a Methodist tree, nor does it belong to the City Council, though it has a civic history, too. Boston may care for it and guard it, as she has honorably done for centuries already, but it belongs to Christianity to the end of time.

"Historic town! thou holdest sacred dust
Once known to men as pious, learned, just;
And one memorial pile that dares to last.
But Memory greets with reverential kiss
No spot in all thy circuit sweet as this,
Touched by that modest glory as it past;
O'er which this elm hath piously displayed
These many years its monumental shade."

Grand Old Elm! May never a branch be broken, and never a root disturbed while the city looks on the sea. New and fresh every year may its leaves come forth in the sun, type of that new life that may bud and blossom and yield its fruit in all the churches perennially. And may the memories of this day linger in every house of the city, that Christ may be preached and His people saved.

"O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

Early Out-door Methodist Preaching.

THE REV. A. B. KENDIG.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one had wandered far away,
In the desert so lone and cold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the Shepherd's tender care.

Shepherd, hast thou not here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?
But the Shepherd replied, "This one of mine,
Has wandered away from me;
The way may be wild and rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed through
Ere he found the sheep that was lost.
Away in the desert he heard its cry,
So feeble and helpless and ready to die.

And far up the mountain, thunder riven,
And along the rocky steep,
There rose the glad song of joy to heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

EARLY OUT-DOOR METHODIST PREACHING.

"I am as one born out of due time," having only learned at six o'clock yesterday afternoon that I was expected to participate in this service. But I am right glad to be here, that Iowa and Massachusetts may shake hands together on this classic spot, and under this historic tree.

Out-door preaching boasts of great antiquity; indeed, it is the oldest kind of preaching; so that it is not only poetically but historically true, that "the groves were God's first temples," and of necessity the first preaching as done by patriarchs and prophets, was done under foliaged-domed forests, by the murmuring water-courses, or in the crowded marts of busy trade. It has the highest sanction and warrant also. For not only did the noble men of the old dispensation deliver their awfully grand and impressive messages in the open fields, and under the blue sky, but Jesus, *The Model*, uttered most of His gracious sayings, and pronounced most of His discourses, in the village streets, on the lake shores, or on the mountain slopes: wherever, indeed, He found the people collected together.

The first building erected for worship, according to monetheistic faith, was the Temple of Solomon, and

this seemed needed as the completion of that series of object-lessons by which the Supreme taught divine truth to that sensuous age; and because of the cumbersome sacrificial and typical character of the services.

But this temple was begun only about one thousand years before Christ. No churches were erected by the early Christians until about A.D. 200; and then, in A.D. 305, they were all razed to the ground by order of Diocletian. It was only under Constantine that Christian churches were built, and fostered into permanence. Antecedent to this, they did their preaching, praying, and worshipping in caves, or on mountains, in private houses, or retired valleys. And it is worthy of observation, that with the erection of churches, religion became less a thing of experience, than of form; and, losing the warmth of its early love, out-door preaching fell into entire neglect, and the masses were uncared for, except as they would report themselves at the more formal and public church service. To me, the fact that the heathen first caught the idea of a temple for their deity from the sepulchres of their dead, is most significant. These early temples were regarded as the residence of the god they worshipped, into which only the priest entered, while the people offered their homage and devotion on the outside. Is it not too often true, that our church buildings are only magnificent mausoleums in which *earnest* Christianity is extinct, and only the pulseless skeleton of form is preserved?

Under the Wesleys, their coadjutors and itinerant successors, out-door preaching was revived; if *not* from *choice*, from *necessity;* for houses of worship, halls and school buildings were closed against them. And this was true of the *New*, as well as of *Old* England.

Hence the street corner, the public parks, or gardens, the fields, or woods, were the only places left them. Baptised of the Holy Ghost, and commissioned of God, as they were, to evangelize the people, they pushed out into the thickest of the foe (blest incendiaries of the cross!) until the combustible material that surrounded them was soon lighted and burning with holy fervor. And right well adapted to this field service were those early Methodist preachers; for, as a rule, they were the sons of poor parents, whose only legacy to their children was (aside from grace) the best of all, sound bodies. From childhood, most of them were accustomed to out-door sports and work, and inured from youth to severe manual labor. Hence, they were men of stalwart frames, iron constitutions, and incredible powers or endurance; there were few dyspeptics, and fewer consumptives, among them. Men who could ride on horse-back from one to five thousand miles a year, through all kinds of weather, shooting their own game, cooking their own meals, blazing their way through trackless forests, sleeping in the rude cabins of the early settlers, or under the open sky, in woods or on prairies, with the saddle for a pillow, and the earth for a bed, were in a good humor with Dame Nature, and she most graciously bestowed upon them her greatest blessing — *health*. With good stomach, active liver, and sound lungs, they were blessed with excellent voices; being rich, mellow, penetrating and far-reaching. Many of them could be distinctly heard, in the quiet evening, a mile away.

Such men as Lee, Garrettson, Bangs, Finley, Cartwright, Swazey, Sansom, Bigelow, Strange, and others, could arrest and hold the attention of any audience on

earth, melting them into tenderness, rousing them to activity, or awing them into silence, by the silvery eloquence of their utterances. They were sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and out into the mountains, forests, and by-ways they went; for they were sent with a message to the people, and the *people* they meant to reach.

By this persistent out-door work, they proved two things, viz.: That they believed the world was their parish, and the poor their parishoners. In this early day Methodism was esteemed as a clever device of the devil, by which to deceive the elect, and had, therefore, no rights which the churches were bound to respect. It was regarded as without warrant of Scripture, an innovation so startling as to imperil the sanity of community, the welfare of souls, and the very existence of the Church itself.

But human nature is a queer thing to deal with, and these enthusiastic ministers, when denied the churches and public halls, instead of going to their original callings, felt "that necessity was laid" upon them to go into the streets, to sing their songs, offer their prayers, and preach their sermons; and, thank God! "the common people heard" them "gladly." The crowd, you know, will instinctively help the weak against the strong, and so they naturally took sides with these harmless but persecuted ministers, giving them their sympathy and attention at first, and very soon their support and affection.

From these people converts were obtained, then societies were formed, and then followed the opening of private houses for religious services, then the barns, then followed the erection of churches; and Method-

ism, with her fiery earnestness, began to burn her way into all ranks of society, gathering strength in influence and numbers so rapidly, that she smiled at opposition, and steadily labored to spread "scriptural holiness" in the earth.

And right here, history repeats itself; for having our influence, numbers, and costly churches, we became formal, having lost much of our early simplicity and earnestness, and out-door preaching, except on very special occasions, had fallen into very general disuse; so that, until quite recently, few among us could be found to stand on a store-box "singing for Jesus," or delivering a gospel message of life and salvation to the hurrying crowd of thoughtless men, who, forgetful of God, and careless of their souls, were being borne with the rapidity of time, to remediless woe.

It is true, the *masses* do not come to our churches, and are not reached by our ministry. If we would save the people, and build up our churches, it is as true now as ever, that we must "*go out and bring them in.*" We can find and reach them on the street corner, in the parks, public gardens, or on the Common, and if we interest them (as we will if our *hearts* are in the work) they will follow us to our churches, and be easily won to Christ.

I thank God, that to the great awakening of 1857 and '58 are we indebted for the "Young Men's Christian Association;" and to our terrible fratricidal war for "The Christian Commission," both of which went to the people in the simplicity of the gospel, to preach Jesus, and offer a willing Saviour to the willing soul. To these organizations are we indebted for the revival of the modern church, of out-door preaching: this God-blessed method of saving souls.

I would that God would send upon us His ministers a baptism so full, that it would push us out to the front all along the line, instead of lying inactive behind our breast-works, tempting disease, and cultivating melancholy! If we would but go out on the skirmish line, with faith in God, and in His word, I am sure many of us would make ourselves illustrious in success, and leave our names embalmed in the memories of hundreds saved through our labors. Oh, that from this sacred hour, and its hallowed associations past and present, we may go out *everywhere* after the people, bringing the lost back to the fold and the Shepherd! Lord help us! Amen.

THE ADAPTATION OF METHODISM TO THE COMMON PEOPLE.

THE REV. L. B. BATES.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

THE ADAPTATION OF METHODISM TO THE COMMON PEOPLE.

"Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now;"

But we will elect only the men for City Councillors who will guard every tree on these grounds. Enough, then for this Old Elm. Other words and quotations are more appropriate here and now.

Paul said: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to *save sinners*."

John, in the same ministry, declared: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come! And let him that heareth say, Come! And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

And Jesse Lee, nearly eighteen hundred years afterward, followed the apostle and evangelist in his first announcement to the multitudes who were passing to and fro in the shade of these trees: In a clear and resonant voice, and simple Wesleyan measure, he gave out and sang: —

"Come, sinners, to the gospel feast!
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind."

And this is the beginning and ending of Methodism, — salvation, present, full, and eternal, provided for all the race, and enjoyed by all who comply with the conditions of repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is the province of the Methodist Church to carry the knowledge of this salvation to all for whom it was intended.

Mark testified that "the common people heard Christ gladly." The gospel of the Son of God is in harmony with the common sense of the multitude, and whenever and wherever proclaimed in its truthfulness, it meets with a cordial welcome from the masses. When Jesse Lee, eighty-five years ago, sang the last line of the first stanza of that first hymn —

"Let every soul be Jesus' guest,"

a man in the audience repeated to himself the words after him —

"Let *every* soul be Jesus' guest" —

"Why, then," said he, "*I* can be saved. I have been taught to believe that only a part of the race could be saved; but if this man's singing be true, *all* may be saved. I, then, will seek the Lord." And he did seek God, and found him to the joy of his soul.

Methodism is adapted to the common people in that it makes no distinctions. All have sinned, all are perishing, all are in danger of death and hell; but we preach one Saviour for all, and one heaven for all, attainable through faith in His name. Methodism cares for all, and seeks to save all with an equal ministry for all. While some of the wisest, wealthiest, and most

benevolent men of the nation and of the world can be found in the Methodist Church, yet many of them were found young, poor, ignorant, friendless, and alone; they came to Methodist altars, there found Christ, and there entered the Church, and with God's blessing the Church has made them great blessings to the world. Methodist converts, from the common people, fill positions of honor, trust, and usefulness everywhere to-day. They are first in mechanics, foremost in commerce, and eminent in literature, — throughout the realm of the arts and the sciences, in all places of dignity and of blessing to others, you will find representatives of the Church.

The grand mission of Methodism in the years to come will be, as it has been in the years that are gone, to the common people; and the very same simple appliances that have been useful in the past, must accomplish the work of the present and future. We must pray the same prayer, sing the same song, and preach the same Word. The fashion of Methodism never changes. I remember that Daniel Fillmore, Asa Kent, and Daniel Webb, met in my father's house thirty years ago, and described the services whose anniversary we observe to-day, and I see that another of the hymns you have appropriately printed on your programme is the very same one recalled by those men of God as that lined out by Jesse Lee under this Old Elm, —

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow!"

Methodism has no other mission until the resurrection morning comes, than to *save the people.* Man is lost, and our mission, like Christ's, is to find him. The people are in darkness, and our mission is to bring

them into the light. We are to lift up Christ, and he will draw all men unto himself.

"Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death:
Behold! behold the Lamb!"

Mr. Bates closed his remarks by inviting all who desired to seek the Saviour of sinners, to manifest it by raising their hands, and twelve or thirteen persons readily responded.

Prayer and Benediction.

THE REV. DR. WARREN.

Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:—
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

ALMIGHTY GOD, our Heavenly Father, aid us to realize at this moment our dependence upon Thee. Take advantage, we beseech Thee, of our quickened sensibilities to draw us into nearer and more perfect fellowship with Thyself. We thank Thee for the holy memories which this hour renews and freshens. We bless Thee for the wondrous providence which is and ever hath been over Thy kingdom and people. Let it inspire us with new and loftier courage; let it create in us a purer consecration to Christian work. So let us accomplish each our part in causing Thy kingdom everywhere to come.

We especially entreat Thee to attend with heavenly energy these words of invitation to those who have not known Thy love. Let them sink deeply into every heart. Impress them upon every hardened conscience. Let many, as the fruit of this service, be brought into the fellowship of Thy grace.

And now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with us all forever. Amen.

Historical Sketch of the Great Tree.

THE REV. J. W. HAMILTON.

Nobody knows New England who is not on terms of intimacy with one of its elms. The elm comes nearer to having a soul than any other vegetable creature among us. It loves man as man loves it. It is modest and patient. It has a small flake of a seed which blows in everywhere and makes arrangements for coming up by-and-by. So, in spring, one finds a crop of baby elms among his carrots and parsnips, very weak and small compared to those succulent vegetables. The baby elms die. Most of them slain, unrecognized or unheeded by hand or hoe, as meekly as Herod's innocents. One of them gets overlooked, perhaps, until it has established a kind of right to stay. Three generations of carrot and parsnip-consumers have passed away, yourself among them, and now let your great-grandson look for the baby elm. Twenty-two feet of clean girth, three hundred and sixty-feet in the line that bounds its leafy circle, it covers the boy with such a canopy as neither glossy-leafed oak, nor insect-haunted linden, ever lifted into the summer skies.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE GREAT TREE.

THE oldest inhabitant of Boston is the Great Tree in the Common. No citizen now living can remember when it was not venerable for its years and its history. No monument stands in the city that is older; no family Bible has a record of its age. Before Washington or Winthrop the tree was. And before Blaxton bought ground of the Indians, and Trimountaine or Shawmutt were the names of Boston; when Chickatabut was chief Sachem, and sat with his council in the shade of the trees, the great elm stood forth in the sun, hospitable then as now. It is a patriarch among all the trees of its kind on the coast.

But longevity is never indisputable, and few men who study chronology ever agree. The age of the tree is denied, and some one is found to account for its origin. Fifty years ago, in the "Boston Commercial Gazette," a paper appeared which declared, on what authority was not mentioned, that Captain Henchman, an officer who had distinguished himself in the Indian wars, had planted the tree A.D. 1670. The Captain was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, an ancestor of Governor Hancock,

and, the writer in the "Gazette" adds, that he planted this tree to shelter the company during their parades on the Common. But Dr. Warren, President of the Society of Natural History, in his book on the Great Tree, published A.D. 1855, unhesitatingly declares there was no foundation for such a legend, and he presumes the only authority for the statement was a report emanating from a lady who was a near relation of a descendant of Captain Henchman. It was improbable that a tree should have been planted for shelter, in a situation so remote as that of this tree at that time. He had himself always lived in the vicinity of the Common, and had a distinct recollection of its appearance for about seventy-five years, and when he first knew the Elm it bore strong marks of decrepitude and approaching dissolution. In a picture wrought with needle-work A.D. 1755, by Miss Hannah Otis, aunt of the late distinguished orator and statesman, Harrison G. Otis, a large orifice was represented in the bark of the tree's trunk, through which it was said a boy eight or nine years old could creep into a larger cavity without difficulty. April 2d A.D. 1825, the height of the tree was sixty-five feet, circumference twenty-one feet eight inches at two feet six inches from the ground, and the branches extended in diameter eighty-six feet. Such dimensions represent it to have been a venerable tree even then. But in a map engraved during the administration of Governor Burnet, it was marked as insulated from all other trees, from which we may gather that it was the tree already historically distinguished, and in another plan still older, A.D. 1722, it is again found in the same situation, an insulated tree, comparatively of great size, from which it is inferred that it might

have been more than one hundred years old at that time. Besides all this, says Dr. Shurtleff, Boston's best topographer and most reliable historiographer, more than one hundred and ninety rings can be easily counted in the great branch that was broken off A.D. 1860, and which must certainly be several years younger than the tree itself, which alone carries back that portion of it to a period as early as the Henchman tradition can with any certainty go. We may allow, therefore, that the Old Elm poet has not transcended, at least, the rights of historical license, in addressing the following lines to the Great Tree: —

"When first from Mother Earth you sprung,
Ere Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare sung,
Or Puritans had come among
The savages to loose each tongue
In psalms and prayers,
These forty acres, more or less,
Now gayly clothed in Nature's dress,
Where Yankees walk, and brag and guess,
Were but a 'howling wilderness'
Of wolves and bears."

The tree belongs to a species of the elm family known as the "American, or White Elm," which is much admired and cultivated abroad for its gracefulness of growth. In the books and papers describing it, as by the older inhabitants of Boston, it has always been called the "Great Tree;" but the infirmities of age, and the memorable historical associations connected with it, have by common consent exchanged the majestic for the venerable, and it is now almost universally called the "Old Elm."

The dangers that have threatened it have been various and innumerable, from the trouble of men to the

tempests of heaven. The dissipated and reckless rabble, wild with intoxicants, so invariably found on the days of election and public parade, have never damaged it. The ruthlessness of the mob, excited by political quarrels and infuriated with rum, in its almost universal devastation, either in veneration for or forgetfulness of the Great Tree, has always passed it by. While General Gage, during the siege of Boston, permitted the destruction of much valuable property for fuel for his soldiers, it will ever be spoken to his credit, that he protected the trees.

But the Elm has been endangered most by the violence of storm. Braving the blasts of the weather for centuries, and wearied at last with endurance, in the summer of A. D. 1832 it yielded to the crush of the winds, and four of its large limbs were so far detached from the tree that they rested partially upon the ground; but being raised and bolted together, though the bolts of iron are still visible, the limbs, at nearly this half century away, seem to have grown back into the tree again. On the 29th of June, A. D. 1860, after a terrible storm of rain and wind, the rumor ran around the city that the Old Elm was down, and hundreds of people came to the Common to find that one of its large limbs was gone, — a limb which measured forty-two inches in circumference. "It is not often," says Dr. Shurtleff, "that an occurrence of such small importance as the destruction of a tree will cause so much sorrow and regret as did this dismemberment of the Great Tree." Pieces of branches were gathered up by the crowd, and even the leaves carried away as relics, to be kept for mementos of the olden time.

Despite the mutilations of decay, and the ravages of

storm, the tree has continued to grow and increase in size, until it is larger now than ever before. In addition to the measurement already given, George B. Emerson, Esq., and Professor Asa Gray, the distinguished botanists, obtained the following, A. D. 1844: "At the ground, twenty-three feet six inches; at three feet, seventeen feet eleven inches; and at five feet, sixteen feet one inch. In accordance with the wish of Dr. Warren, A. D. 1855, the tree was very accurately measured by the City Engineer, who recorded the dimensions as follows: "Height, seventy-two and one-half feet; girth one foot above the ground, twenty-two and one-half feet; girth four feet above the ground, seventeen feet; average diameter of greatest extent of branches, one hundred and one feet." The latest measurement, taken by Dr. Shurtleff a few months before the storm A. D. 1860, gave twenty-four feet girth at the ground; eighteen and one-fourth feet, at three feet; and sixteen and one-half feet at five feet, showing an increase in girth, though, of only about five inches in sixteen years.

The associations connected with the Old Elm, have put it to almost every purpose under the sun, from a gibbet of infamy, to a "Liberty Tree" of the Revolution. Under the law banishing Quakers from the Colonies, and punishing them with death if they returned, William Robinsen and Marmaduke Stevensen were convicted and hanged on the Common, and most probably upon this tree. Mary Dyar, who was reprieved, through the intercessions of her son, after her foot was on the fatal ladder, only escaped to meet a similar fate the next year. And "the lifeless forms of Margaret Jones, of Annie Hibbins, and perhaps other victims of

judicial murder, may have depended from these same limbs during the reign of the witchcraft horrors."

The late Samuel G. Drake, Esq., in his "History of Boston," narrates an early incident connected with the history of this tree, which occurred July 27th, A. D. 1676. He says: "Another of the Nipmuck Sachems, called 'Sagamore John,' influenced about one hundred and sixty Indians to surrender at Boston. One among them, Old Matoonas, he brought in by force, being 'bound with cords.' He was immediately condemned to death; for he was not only the father of him who was hung in Boston several years before, but he was charged with being the first to commit murder in Massachusetts Colony in this war. His betrayer, 'Sagamore John,' was desirous that he and his men might be the executioners; wherefore Matoonas was carried out into the Common, and being tied to a tree" (doubtless the Old Elm), "they then shot him to death."

Very near the Powder House, which also stood in close proximity to the tree, on the third of July, A.D. 1728, occurred the duel between Benjamin Woodbridge and Henry Phillips, young men of the highest respectability, who both loved and lost a young lady for whom they fought. Woodbridge was thrust through with a sword and left dead on the field, while Phillips was hurried on board the "Sheerness" man-of-war and out of the country, by his brother and Peter Faneuil, a man who is widely known for a better matter. The affair originated the well known, but none too rigid law of New England, on duelling.

During the struggle of the Colonies for their independence, the neighborhood of the Great Elm was one of the places of resort for the Sons of Liberty, who fre-

quently caused the tree to be illuminated with lanterns on evenings of rejoicing and festal occasions. It also served the purpose of exhibitions of popular feeling and indignation, for many has been the Tory who has been hung in effigy from its branches. Perhaps on this account it acquired the name of "Liberty Tree," which it bore A. D. 1874, the tree originally bearing the name having been taken down, as it is designated on a map of Boston engraved that year.

It was not inappropriate, that after the varied history of nearly two centuries, this locality should be sanctified to more peaceful memories, and that the tree in its old age should obtain a more hallowed history than even that secured to it in the efforts for national liberty.

The Rev. Jesse Lee gave to the tree a religious association in fitting contrast with the deeds of bigotry and persecution enacted in the name of religion, when the Great Elm served no higher purpose than a gallows for the innocent. Long enough had the "Lord poured out his fury upon the trees of the field, that they should burn and not be quenched," as the people so sacrilegiously imagined it. We therefore date a new era, and a period of better things, from the evening of Sunday, July 11th, A.D. 1790.

Boston has given no better evidence of her veneration for the Old Elm, than in the care she has so continuously bestowed upon it. The soil has frequently been raised at its roots, which for many years have been carefully guarded with a fence. The hollow in the trunk of the tree a long time ago was filled with fifteen barrels of clay, mixed with other substances, and then covered by a canvas fastened around it. To what ex-

tent the interior has been repaired it is impossible to determine, but a portion of the cavity was obliterated by the formation of a new woody fiber, twenty years ago.

The Mayor of Boston, A.D. 1854, found a special delight in pruning, and otherwise caring for the tree. The old wooden defense he caused to be removed, and in its stead erected an octagonal iron fence which bears upon an oval tablet secured to the gate, the following inscription: —

'THE OLD ELM.

"This Tree has been standing here for an unknown period. It is believed to have existed before the settlement of Boston, being full grown in 1722. Exhibited marks of old age in 1792, and was nearly destroyed by a storm in 1832. Protected by an iron enclosure in 1854.

J. V. C. SMITH, Mayor."

In the Spring, A.D. 1860, an off-shoot was discovered started from one of the roots on the westerly side of the main tree. Great care has been shown by the City Forrester for this shoot ever since, which is now quite a tree in itself, being nearly or fully twenty feet in height, and measuring nearly twenty inches in girth at the ground. It may live and grow to inherit the horrors and honors of its Mother Elm, but never to witness similar scenes.

As long as the city holds a pride for the Common, or remembers her history, the Great Tree, now the

Old Elm, will be venerated for its antiquity, and kept as a landmark of Boston. And

> "Of our swift passage through this scenery
> Of life and death, more durable than we,
> What landmark so congenial as a tree
> Repeating its green legend every spring,
> And, with a yearly ring,
> Recording the fair seasons as they flee,
> Type of our brief but still-renewed mortality?"

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